

THE COLLEGIAN



St. Joseph's College

COLLEGEVILLE, INDIANA



November, 1929

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Collegeville, Indiana.

Entered as Second Class Matter at Collegeville, Ind., October 20,
1927, under Act of March 3, 1897.

VOL. XVIII

NOVEMBER 15, 1929

NO. 2

AUTUMNAL REVERIES

The autumn winds are sighing,
The nights are growing long;
It seems the earth is dying
Without the bird's sweet song.

Afar off in the forest
A plaintive cry I heard,
It seemed to me a protest
From all and every bird.

Their voices low were sinking
To mellow pleading tunes,
As if to keep from thinking
Of golden summer's runes.

Then southward they all vanish
To build in sunnier clime;
For someone else to cherish,
Till Spring her bell doth chime.

Raymond Halker, '30.

ALDRIGE HAS THE VICTORY

Aldrige College was swarming with youthful life on the opening day of the fall session. The fashionable college yell could be heard amid the cheeriest words of greeting. Crowds gathered in clumps on the campus, talked interestingly about the events of vacation days, but no group separated without expressing hopes that the fall school term would bring excitement and thrills far above those that the most enjoyable vacation days could possibly produce; for did not the fall season suggest the chances for real encounters on the football gridiron? Could anything be more engrossing than prospects of glory for old Alma Mater that were to be realized by punt-kicks and touchdowns? Surely it was in place to make the most sanguine predictions for success in the grand old fall-time game, and such predictions were liberally made particularly by the real fans several of whom were to be found in each of the groups that had gathered on the campus.

The most enthusiastic talker among those students who had taken to the campus on the opening day of school for the purpose of discussing both past and coming events was a short little fellow who in his physique displayed the real qualities of a genuine pigskin chaser. Looks in his case were not at all deceiving. He had played first-string quarter-back on the local Varsity for the last two years and was familiarly known as "Andy", though his name fullblown was Andrew Riems. Ambling from group to group on the campus, Andy was busy for more than an hour broadcasting the prediction that "Old Aldrige" would find its team the champions that

fall over as many as might come, and his frequent harangue would always end with the words that no matter what might happen to "Old Aldrige", one thing was certain, namely, that the standing rival of the local squad, Brenton College, would go down to defeat, or "Old Aldrige" would "bust".

Brenton College and Aldrige had been rivals for football honors for years. The number of games lost and won between the two schools had mostly remained on a par, but during the previous season Brenton, by means of new strategy, had drubbed Aldrige sorely, as the score of 42 to 0 sufficiently indicated.

While the old fellows were spending their time in talking or razzing the newly arrived freshman; one sophomore who was, however, a new addition to Aldrige was busily unpacking his trunk in the room assigned to him in Baker Hall. This newcomer was James Bartell. Jim, as he was commonly called, had made an outstanding record in high-school athletics in his home town. It was love for football and the hope to make good at this game in a real college that lured him to Aldrige. Already his happiness was clearly in evidence even while engaged in stowing away his belongings.

Having arranged his room to suit his liking, Jim strolled out to the campus for the purpose of meeting his new pals and of making new friendships. Group after group hailed him with the call "Freshie", and some one even had the nerve to say to him, "Freshie, you have the build for a nice football player, but, sad to say, the likes of you are barred from the local Varsity." A reception of this kind was far from what Jim had expected. Gibes and sarcasm, to say the least, were unpleasant mat-

ters for one to face who had come with the intention of giving fame to his newly adopted Alma Mater, and he turned away from one group after another all the while feeling that itchy crimson feeling creeping over his face and to the very tip of his ears that made him know for a fact that he was blushing. Of all the experiences that might come to him in the world, he hated blushing the most, for did not blushing show a lack of self-possession, of self-control, of courage, yes, of courage—the one quality that he knew a good football player must possess? But in spite of himself, he felt disconcerted because of the many cynical remarks which the old fellows made regarding him, and he turned slowly to leave the campus. Andy, however, was quick to notice Jim's embarrassment. He motioned to Jim to come over and join a more friendly group. Jim gladly accepted the invitation, and before he was aware of the fact he was most enthusiastic in talking about football prospects for Aldrige.

From that moment forward, Jim and Andy were friends. There was nothing but friendly rivalry between them in the efforts that each made at executing the best plays. It pleased Andy heartily when Coach Phelan of Aldrige promoted Jim to the position that he had always coveted, namely that of right half-back. Things were slipping along smoothly in the course of practice until Charles "Bing" Johnson, a backfield, began to show a decided dislike for Jim. Already for some time Jim had noticed that it was best for him to stay out of the way of the big, bullying backfield. Though at times he felt inclined to give way to an outburst of fiery language against rough "Bing" Johnson, yet, he had always kept his temper in check, and felt that it was in

the interest of his team that he should continue doing so. Andy's quick eye very soon detected that there was some dissension on foot, but he said nothing, though all the while he was trying to learn the cause of it.

During six weeks of splendid football playing Aldrige had dealt out signal defeats to every team that came for a showdown of muscle and brawn. In the course of the games, though "Bing" Johnson fought hard, yet it became evident to Andy as well as to others on the team that all of "Bing's" hard playing was aimed less at securing fame for Aldrige than it was to curry favor with someone on the benches. This particular someone was Louise Russel, a junior at Aldrige, whose chief occupation came to be that of a demonstrative fan at football games with a resultant lack of pep at anything like books or studies. It was the indiscriminate manner in which Louise Russel distributed her cheers when a real play was made that hurt "Bing" Johnson, for many a vociferous shout on her part favored the star-like playing of Jim, a matter that made "Bing" feel that esteem for himself was on the wane.

Out of a very simple affair that occurred in connection with the unusually brilliant playing of the Aldrige team a situation arose that foreboded calamity and bade fair to bring all their glory and success to naught. Some enthusiasts among the students who admired Jim's playing exceedingly had pins made in his honor that bore the inscription, "Our Lone Star, Jim". That "Bing" Johnson should take this procedure on the part of the students sorely amiss was to be expected. But he said nothing. Many wore the pins, not just because they

sought to please Jim, but because they saw others wear them. An incident, however, brought things to a crisis. In the course of a game, Jim raced down the field and scored with a touchdown. A roar of applause came from the Aldrige rooters with thousands of hurrahs for Jim. Close to the line stood Louise, who was, as usual, loud in her acclamations and cheers. "Bing" Johnson walked up to her. Whether he intended to say anything to her or not was in no way evident, but Andy who happened to be with him at the moment, noticed how "Bing" glowered at the pin which she wore in her scarf, and heard him read in snarling tones, "Our Lone Star, Jim". From "Bing's" attitude, Andy learned that something had to be done to remedy a situation that presaged trouble. By a quick move of his hand he snatched the pin from Louise's scarf, threw it at her feet and shouted, "Step on it! Shall one fellow take all the honors on the field where others work quite as hard as he does? I, for one, say no!" Louise did as she was told to do. "Bing" Johnson was visibly pleased by what had taken place, and it made him feel particularly good to think that even Andy was on his side. At the very next step in the game "Bing" made a brilliant play. There was no less shouting and applause for him on the part of the Aldrige rooters than there had been in the case of Jim. The first one to rush up to him with extended hand was Jim, the very fellow whom "Bing", just a few minutes previous, had hoped to crush out of existence.

Andy and the ubiquitous fan, Louise, now approached in wildest cheer to congratulate "Bing" on the splendid work he had done. In the shouts and

hurrahs that re-echoed in his favor the last traces of grudge against Jim departed from the feelings of "Bing". He shook hands with Jim over and over in order to make Jim understand that all was over between them. He even snatched a pin from the coat lapel of one of his Aldrige friends and fastened it to Louise's scarf while reading the inscription in a loud cheerful tone, "Our Lone Star, Jim".

The second half opened with both teams looking fresh as ever, and each showed in manner and bearing the old "do-or-die" spirit. Minute after minute passed while Aldrige and Brenton swayed back and forth on the field. Gradually Brenton seemed to gain the upper hand; appearances were all in its favor. But what happened? In the last few seconds of the game, the ball fell to Andy. Like a dart he shot down the right side of the field, finished a beautiful forty-yard run; the pistol cracked; and the score stood 9 to 7 in favor of Aldrige.

To Andy, Jim, and "Bing" went the laurels of victory. They were now fast friends. By their earnest co-operation every game of the season was won for their Alma Mater. Only one thing more deserves mention. The pins in honor of Jim disappeared; in their place new ones were now worn on lapels and scarfs, and these were decorated with three stars and bore the names of "Bing", Jim, and Andy.

J. Gibson, '31

"The soul of Christianity is manliness, while the essence of naturalism, of pagan sensuality, is weakness and effeminacy."—Jorgensen.

THE SECRET OF THE PYRAMIDS

A guard walking briskly on the walls of Gizeh Palace to keep his scantily clad body warm noticed with joy that the eastern horizon was slowly changing into the deep blue of mid-heaven. He knew that distinct shapes on the skyline at early dawn were heralds of the approaching sun which just now was thrusting its golden edge into view. A flash of light that seemed to be miles and miles in length put giltedged peaks on the gloomy old pyramids; burnished the foliage of scattered clumps of palm trees, and gradually caused the sandy dunes to glisten like huge cairns of precious gems. A few filmy banks of stratus clouds appeared to take fire, and produced the illusion that the sky was really wounded by flame. Near the Sphinx, just finished by Shafra, ugly vultures made their rounds looking for their morning meal. The pensive whistles of the hoopoes, and intermittently the turbulent splashings of the mighty Nile rose to greet the new-born day. Gradually all was life. Birds flitted in frolick from tree to tree; wild animals gamboled about; swarthy men were visible here and there on their way to work, and the guard, after raising a large black flag on the walls where he had held his post, returned to his barracks for refreshment and rest.

At some distance to the south of the palace where the colorless walls of the ancient city of Memphis wedged their somber bulk into the grandeur of nature, lay the imposing city of Ptah in which the people were just stirring out of their sleep and were going about their daily business. From all quarters of the city, smoke curled lazily upwards,

and before the sun's disk had cleared the top of the neighboring sand dunes, dark-skinned slaves, who figure so extensively in Egyptian literature, streamed like ants from the gates of Ptah and made their way toward the pyramids west of Gizeh. Their work was a task of immortal glory, but to them the glory was not visible. Very mournfully they plied their tools in constructing an abode for the dead. Pharaoh had died, and according to the laws of the state his remains must be interred with becoming dignity; besides, all the people had to put on mourning in order to incline the Ka of the deceased monarch to inspire the mind of his successor with compassion for his future subjects.

In the drudgery of finishing the tomb, the slaves soon put aside all outward manifestations of grief which, after all, was the only kind of grief that they experienced relative to the death of a Pharaoh. Why should mourning go beyond ceremonies in their case? Had not Pharaoh gathered his riches, whip in hand, by making them bend their backs in labor? If inactive courtiers wished to make a show of their grief, well, they had the palace at their disposal for that purpose, but as far as the slaves were concerned, they had already been employed at the job of tomb making for several years, and they now really felt joy at seeing their labor coming to a finish.

By the time the sun had run its course up to the zenith, the humdrum of toil at the tomb had ceased. Really the slaves were the authors of another chapter in tomb literature. Now the gates of Gizeh were thrown open. A procession characterized by much superficial mourning emerged from the city. On a bier resting on the shoulders of

six pallbearers lay all that was left of one of Egypt's mighty Pharaohs who even in death was not separated from his wealth, though all the priceless, glittering objects that encompassed his cold clay were of as little benefit to him as they might have been to a clod in the fields. Decked out lavishly in curious costumes and flanking the dazzling hearse on either side was the royal bodyguard whose chief office had now come to be that of show men, as it was no longer necessary to draw a sword in defence of their one-time lord and master. Dancing maidens whose sole duty lay in performing every kind of contortion and gyration intended to express condolence and the pangs of sore bereavement encircled the hearse and the bodyguard. Stretching out far in advance of the slowly moving ensemble about the body of Pharaoh was a vast funeral cortege at the head of which solemnly marched the sacred bull, Apis. Upon arriving at the pyramid tomb, the people frantically milled about hither and thither in an effort to decorate the tomb as high as they could reach with garlands of flowers.

The sun had well past the point of noon when the doors of the mighty stone grave had at length closed upon the remains of Pharaoh and his useless wealth. It was blandly taken for granted that these doors would remain bolted under the weight of heavy stones until the end of time, but scrolls of papyrus, some of them fully a hundred feet in length, that make up the famous "Book of the Dead" tell another story. But now that the tomb was sealed, another ceremony was in order, namely, the ceremony of expiation in favor of the dead. Returning from the tomb with a sad look on his face in company with ministers of state was famous old Ptah-hotep,

who now gave directions as to the manner in which the ceremony of expiation was to be carried out. To the top of a large stone altar, just a little distance to the east of the pyramid tomb, sacred bull, Apis was conducted by one of the more prominent ministers of state. Just below the stone altar, but at a distance sufficient to keep the sacred animal from harm, another altar in the shape of a wooden platform was erected, and about it huge bundles of faggots were placed for burning. This was the altar of sacrifice. On top of the platform, the maidens who had danced in the funeral procession were huddled together. They—they—were to be the burnt offering.

From being mourners the crowd now turned to being worshipers. If their manifestation of sorrow was hypocritical during the funeral procession, their pretended devotion was now nothing short of fanaticism. At a given signal the maidens on the platform struck up a novel sort of dance. They leaped, twisted, circled as never before—they even wept in a natural manner. Well might they weep, for they had but a few more minutes to live. Just as Tmu, the setting sun, was sending his last golden ray across the scene of sacrifice and mourning, the terrible light of real flames of fire raging about the wooden platform illumined the skies. With a shriek of pain one of the dancers dropped from the edge of the boards into the flames, and one by one, as if obeying the beckoning of an invisible hand, the others followed. As the last shriek of pain died away above the fire and smoke of the holocaust, the crowd of spectators joined in a song of praise for Apis, for Pharaoh, and for the maidens who had perished in the sacrifice. In the gathering darkness

the people dispersed leaving bull, Apis, in whose honor the horrid sacrifice had been made, in the hands of his keeper, and leaving the tomb pyramid to weather the storms and changes of ages.

Thousands of years have elapsed since the last pyramid was consecrated by the horrid sacrificial rites invented by the cruel and blind mind of heathenism. Gradually a knowledge of the purpose and the meaning of the pyramids was lost, and generations upon generations of people regarded them as mere curiosities of architecture. But curiosity is an impelling force; it will not allow a man to rest until the real significance of things has been made known. In recent times the purpose of the pyramids has been made known to the mind of man as clearly as it was in the days when they were built. Their secrets were brought to light in the form of stone coffins, numerous papyrus rolls, and a vast array of inscriptions. Of these three matters it is the papyrus rolls that are of particular interest to the student of literature. From the "Book of the Dead" he can glean experiences that will throw light upon much that modern research in the form of excavations has revealed. He will likewise be put in a position to understand the elaborate ceremony that accompanied the burial of a Pharaoh and will be enabled to understand the peculiar view of death and of immortality as entertained by the Egyptian people of old, if he will but peruse several chapters in translations of this very ancient book. The "Maxims of Ptah-hotep" that have also come to light will likewise prove to be of great interest to the student of letters, as he will find it possible to learn from them that many of the sayings respecting thrift and noble life that are put before him

at the present day in the shape of aphorisms and reflections had their origin in a time removed from the present by seven thousand years.

Whatever painful labor went into the erection of the pyramids; whatever funeral rites they witnessed upon the death of Pharaohs; whatever gruesome sacrifices were offered in their very shadows is of little consequence to us in modern times outside of the interesting reading matter that these things afford; but what is of interest to us is that structures could be reared by human hands that could preserve the records of the thoughts, feelings, and emotions of a people through scores of centuries,—structures, that, though they stand amid the sands of the desert, nevertheless, bid fair to be as enduring as the most firmly rooted mountains themselves.

Arnold Grot, '30

FLASHES FROM THE MAGIC CRYSTAL

A terrific thud! A burst of flame! A surging sea of recoiling countenances, pale and livid! Confusion—black emptiness! Unearthly screams! Voci-ferous short orders of officials! Intermittent roarings waning to whispers—fading—deep silence! This he only sensed; then life and its perplexities meant nothing more to the “Lone Eagle”.

A certain day of mid-autumn sheen found Mr. Wright sauntering up the time-worn path to his home and giving vent to his exuberantly happy nature by whistling a merry tune. As he approached

the cottage he espied Johnny, his son, sitting in the shade of a labyrinth of creeping vines, intently engaged in erecting a miniature contrivance. Noiselessly he drew near to the child and gazed with parental pride and interest upon him and the toy which had just been completed.

"What are you making, Johnny?"

Quickly turning, the boy replied: "That's an aeroplane, daddy, only it can't fly. Some day I'll buy a real plane and I'll sail over the mountains, the rivers, and everything."

No mere child-prattle! The sparkle of enthusiasm in his eyes, the flush of achievement envisioned on his cheek, bespoke a deep-rooted ambition. Stirred by the words Mr. Wright turned meditatively toward the distant glowering hills, vaguely dreaming of the world beyond them. Tears welled in his eyes; cursory mental pictures of his son's future unfolded before him, alternately effecting a surge of sympathy, of love, and fear in his heart.

"What's the matter, daddy,?" faltered the lad as he solicitously sought his parent's eyes.

Aroused from his reverie, Mr. Wright smilingly replied: "Nothing, son", and blandly caressing the curly locks he impulsively seized the youth in his arms and bore him into the house.

Years went quickly by—happy years indeed—in the sunny little homestead. The "Johnny" of fourteen had grown to a promising youth of nineteen years. Nothing had been said about his vocation. He himself kept it latent until one autumn eve he bravely revealed his life's ambition to his parents.

"I'm going to be an aviator, Dad" he said determinedly as he slowly took his eyes off the paper

he was reading. The abrupt statement carried with it a certain conviction that it was born of long deliberation.

"Merely a passing whim," broke in Mr. Wright, after a pause, glancing anxiously towards his wife, who remained speechless.

John seemed disconcerted as he clumsily arose from the depths of a cushioned chair. He bade his parents a courteous 'good night' and retired.

"Are you ready, Captain Wright?" Assent was waved and the referee's whistle shrilly heralded the traditional gridiron combat between Colton and Central High-schools. John Wright, a stellar right half-back, was captain of the Colton eleven. He had responded mechanically to the referee, for his mind was awlirl with aeronautical aspirations. Since the announcement made to his parents, he had been interested in nothing but aviation. A constant muddled mental picture of machine and pilot effected an inert attitude towards everything else.

The game progressed, and, after three quarters of fierce attempts, neither team had scored. Wright cringed under the taunting and sneering remarks aimed at him by the exasperated coach for his lack of presence of mind. Time was called for the last quarter and Colton's right half-back had regained his self-composure and former football enthusiasm. A whirlwind of speed, power, and daring! Ten minutes to play with Colton on the defensive—and Wright intercepted a pass near mid-field. Leaving the earth he had snatched the oval with a swoop of his left hand, and amid the rousing cheers, had raced for a touchdown.

Play had been resumed after the scoring. In

a scramble for a fumbled ball Colton's right half-back collapsed with a blow to the temple. His reeling senses deceived him, for as he sank into unconsciousness there flashed before him a falling plane of which he was the pilot. The clamor and the sight of the vast crowd served only to make his phantasm more realistic. As the shades of reason were drawn, a ghost of a smile lingered on his features.

During the months that followed, his lofty ambitions had not fled. He clung obstinately to his desire of becoming an aviator and finally became so obdurate and persistent that his parents reluctantly permitted him to enter a ground school. There he gave palpable evidence of rare ability and talent. In an incredibly short time he could pilot a plane with greater skill than any other amateur who had ventured into this field of endeavor.

The World War broke out as he reached the acme of his fame, and he was drafted to render his services in an American Flying squadron. Intrepidly he went to the front.

Known as the "Lone Eagle", Wright won battle after battle in the clouds. Every enemy pilot feared him. Even with the odds against him, by skillful maneuvering he had always come forth a victor.

It was a dreary day in October when the "Lone Eagle", spying upon the position of the enemy camp, suddenly saw three well-mounted planes in formation, emerging from the clouds above, emitting volley upon volley as they bore down upon him. Preserving his presence of mind he swerved his plane and banked in the clouds. Upon reappearing he found, to his utter chagrin, that he had not evaded the enemy planes. He realized the hazards with the

intuition of an experienced pilot, but breathing a silent prayer he dove for the largest of the planes. He looped and rode the tail of his adversary, harassing him with incessant machine-gun fire. Like a gigantic bird pierced by the hunter's bullet the large plane drooped and fell—her pilot was dead. The menacing bark of a spouting machine-gun again pierced the air as the second enemy plane charged. A violent explosion followed. The fuel tank of the "Lone Eagle's" plane had been struck. Swaying for a moment in mid-air as if trying to regain equilibrium the plane toppled, nose forward, and went crashing to the earth.

A terrific thud! A burst of flame! A surging sea of recoiling countenances, pale and livid! Confusion—black emptiness. Unearthly screams! Vociferous short orders of officials! Intermittent roarings waning to whispers—fading—deep silence! This he only sensed; then life and its perplexities meant nothing more to the "Lone Eagle".

Virgil Van Oss, '30

STUDY LITERATURE---WHY?

There are schools that lay much stress on science, others emphasize mathematics, others point insistently to the study of languages, ancient and modern; but no school attempts to plan a course of study that omits literature, because of the unique and recognized importance of this subject. Reasons for this attitude on the part of schools are obvious. The very definition of literature describes it as "the best utterance of the human mind", and it will surely require no argument to convince anybody that he should, as far as possible, acquaint himself with

what is frankly acknowledged as the best in the opinion of people, even if for no other reason than for the sake of gaining pleasant experiences. But the study of literature is by no means only a pleasure-party. It is in itself an exercise, and that an arduous one, directed to the cultivation of man's imaginative faculties, so that he may become not only informed, but also reasonably cultured and refined in thought and manners.

Students of literature will find that this study affords three distinct advantages. In the first place, they meet with the pleasure element. Hardly any other study can be so delightful and engrossing as is literature. Besides it is wonderfully well adapted to suit the requirements of practically every state of life. Here, for instance, is a person who has no liking for fiction. "Why spend time reading about a lot of people who never lived, and a lot of things that never happened?" he demands. For him, then, there is history no less exciting than the novel, but with the saving grace of truth. For him, Prescott stages the "Conquest of Mexico"; for him Judith and Judas Machabeus draw swords and fight for their honor, their people, and their God.

Again it may so happen that a certain reader finds history dry as dust; well, for him there are in reserve the delights of poetry which is literature at its highest and best. It is in meter, rhyme, and free verse that he can find the material for reconstructing in his own mind the dream gardens of another Kubla Khan. He may yield to the fascination of lyrics woven in oriental woof that breathe the incense of millions of "mums". He may lend a sympathetic ear to the truly sincere pleadings of Ruth when she vows,

“Thy people shall be my people,
And thy God, my God:
Where thou diest, I will die,
And there will I be buried;
The Lord do so to me, and more also
If aught but death part thee and me,”

and after having read these lines he may feel ashamed for having eavesdropped, as it were, but later on, in times of deep sorrow or despondency, these lines filled with genuine fortitude will recur to his mind, and in the words of Ruth he will then find encouragement in his trials. For him, furthermore, there are Shelley, Keats, beloved Browning, and countless others of more modern complexion.

A third student of literature finds pleasure in essays, grave or gay. At his disposal is a vast array of material stretching from the early scientific studies of hoary old Confucius, that are amazing even to the modern mind, down to the present day. He is accommodated with the inimitable “Essays of Elia”; with a multitude of various essays by DeQuincey, Macaulay, Chesterton, and Hilaire Belloc. Biographies, autobiographies, orations, sermons, all are his. He may choose to live with Tagore, to go romancing with Scott, to smile at high society with Thackeray, and to dwell in a land of brilliant fancy for a “Thousand and One Nights”. Thus in the study of literature, a reader may find great benefits, together with unlimited pleasure.

But literature also, and more correctly so, affords valuable information to those who wish to know more about man, his manners, his religion; about nature and foreign lands, simply about everything. If anybody seeks knowledge, well, he has a key in literature to the libraries of the world,

and with it he can open for himself the sources of human experience from the old tomes of Assurbanipal down to the plays of Galsworthy. He can wander into the deserts of Egypt to meet the ancient philanthropist, Ptah-Hotep; with Caesar he can go over the fields of the Gallic Wars; with Lincoln he can look upon the days of '61 to '65. He can travel anywhere and reach back into all times in order to meet people of all types, and to converse with men of all minds; he can journey into the remote past and back again to the present. He can do all these things with the help of the information which a perfectly interesting study of the world's generous literature gives him.

Lastly the study of literature affords culture and refinement—that agreeable finesse which shows that the narrow tracks of the mind have been broadened into the highways of true intellectual balance. After meeting Goethe and his Faust; Dumas and his Musketeers; Carlyle and his France; Dickens and his London; Hawthorne and his Hester Prynne; Longfellow and his Evangeline; Turgenev and his Rudin; Ibsen and his Nora he will arrive at a better understanding of the men with whom he associates. Of course the very fountain of genuine culture, the supreme litterateur, namely, William Shakespeare, and that great beacon light which guides to the noblest that the world's literature can offer, the immortal Dante, namely, dare not be omitted.

Thus it is after having delved into the depths of antiquity and after having walked in company with the best of modern minds; after having read the soul-secrets and the heart-desires of men, past and present; after having spoken with the revived philosophers of old, and after having whiled away

many a pleasant hour with more than one Scheherazade, the student obtains that for which he has sought. He will find at length that much enjoyment and wonderful information have come to him, and that he will have attained at least to a certain degree of culture. It is this quality that every student should seek, but not only that, however, but also the real motive for the study of literature, namely, inspiration through vicarious experiences. It is this inspiration that fills his mind with lofty thoughts, and even if it touches not at all on the so-called practical side of life, yet it produces better character and nobler ideals.

Ed Binsfeld, '31.

LIFE'S FOUNTAIN

Laughingly springing from the warm earth's soft
crust,

Up from a blanket of newly sown seed,
The life giving fountain sparkingly wanders
Mid roses so fair that grow on the mead.

Fairies of beauty are charmingly singing
Melod'ous hymns in the tinged falling spray;
Eagerly drinking the cool pleasant waters
The flowers and shrubs are saved from decay.

Rising high over the great common journey,
Ascending the hills of sweetest delights
The poet within his castle or aerie
His lessons of courage and kindness indites.

Thoughts that are radiant, brilliant, sublime
Issuing forth from a height so obscure,
Descend to the earth as fresh gentle raindrops
That nourish fair virtue in wealthy and poor.

J. Kraus, '30

THE ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGIAN

Published Monthly by the Students of
ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE
Collegeville, Indiana.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION

One Year	\$1.50
Single Copies	\$.20
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Rouleau Joubert, '31	-----	Assistant Business Manager

EDITORIAL

In the effort to epitomize the characteristics of a pedagogue, a recourse to Bishop John Spalding's analysis will prove to be helpful. He writes:—"The noblest teaching is a noble teacher and the teacher's value lies more in what he is than what he knows." After a little meditation on this statement, the idea expressed by Bishop Spalding is evidently paradoxical to the conception formed in the ennuied mind of an impassive student. The composite of an ideal teacher or professor that usually evolves from the mind of such a pupil—perchance even from the

mind of one who cherishes overt ambitions toward a pedagogical career—involves only a few essential qualifications but many insignificant accidentals.

To exemplify this let us follow out the proverb, "Experience is the best teacher", and record the notion of a promising pedagogue who wrote:- "I began my secondary education with the notion that the essentials for teaching were a fairly broad, general knowledge, coupled with a thorough training in several particular subjects, ability to 'put it across', skill and tact in disciplining offenders, a substantial fund of common sense for use in the everyday emergencies of school-life, an even temper, a pleasing personality, and an active interest in the profession for its own sake."

The former wise and faithful mentor whose joy—perhaps sorrow—consisted in infusing pleasant-ries into the vacillating disciple's mind laden with the tedium of syntactic idiosyncrasies and the irksomeness of chemical analysis, has been transformed. He must today not only be able to give a discursive lecture on any intelligent subject but, furthermore, a sententious and concise explanation of whatever caprice and vagary that may cursorily flit across the pupil's mind. In other words, as a superhuman being, his endurance must equal that of Hercules, his wisdom that of Solomon, and his adaptability that of a chameleon. Besides these putative requisites universal ingenuity is added for good measure.

As soon as the hand that rocks the cradle ceases to rule the child's world, and when that privilege has been assumed by "the hand of pedagogical wizardry," then the "moral responsibility" of the teacher must guard every working and sleeping moment

of his charges. When the obfuscated mind of Johnny fails to comprehend arithmetic the teacher must perform a purely scholastic miracle. Johnny is undoubtedly fond of marbles, therefore, the pedagogue has recourse to marbles in teaching Johnny this science, ever aware of the necessity of keeping Johnny's primary interest centered in the arithmetic calculation rather than in the marbles.

Since, "carbon copies are not acceptable" it would indeed be suicidal to transform all the Babe Ruths and Lindberghs into a single generation of John Smiths. The shaping of the vocational tendencies of Young America, especially in our lower grade schools of today, supplies the Superman and the Superwoman with almost insurmountable difficulties. To determine the aptitude and propensities of each individual youngster would demand from the teacher training courses in electricity, mechanics, plumbing, physical culture, medicine, domestic science, interior decoration, scientific agriculture, in fact, in anything but a course in burglary. This is probably the reason that the Superwoman, thinking it easier to suit the plans of one than of forty, changes her orderly schoolroom of today and replaces it with a warm, cozy, and yellow-curtained kitchen of tomorrow.

M. D.

Following the tradition of more than three centuries, the President of the United States, will this month, proclaim a Day of Thanksgiving. The prayers and the thanksgivings of the people of Plymouth Colony, poured out at the behest of Governor Bradford, have been an inspiration to posterity and have found a sincere "Amen" year after year.

The Thanksgiving Day of Bradford was celebrated with Puritanic rites. On this day, as on any other festival, austere and rigid discipline was enforced. Before the feast the whole assembly of Puritans sang the usual hymns to praise the All-bountiful for a fruitful first harvest.

After the hymns and other few ceremonies, the great feast began, which was enjoyed likewise by a few Indians who came to the celebration. Thus in a picturesque setting the custom of celebrating a great Thanksgiving Day was inaugurated, and this custom found an echo in almost each succeeding year.

Washington, as Father and President of our country, also proclaimed a day of thanksgiving. It was a babe-among-nations' acknowledgement of debt to the Ruler of the nation's destinies. And, as such, Washington wished it; for well did he realize that the land's deliverance from the yoke of English rule was a great blessing.

A certain day during each year—usually in the fall—was then generally set apart for the thanksgiving of benefits received. But there were years when an especial gratitude was forthcoming as the result of particular favors bestowed.

The Thanksgiving of Grant, was a soulful out-pour for the favor of regained peace, instituted by a grateful united people, who remembered the bloody price and a martyr-President. Again, a particularly gracious Thanksgiving was that of Wilson. His Thanksgiving was a paean of a victorious people, committing itself to universal and everlasting peace. A more bloody sacrifice than ever before had been made to accomplish this harmony among nations, and with this great ransom of blood and life man hoped to free forever the world from all fetters of war.

But this year the Thanksgiving of Hoover is after all significant. It is a gracious pouring from the heart the praise, thanks, and benediction of a nation which abounds in wealth; which boasts of a leader in achievement, a power for peace, and a champion for liberty.

One hundred and twenty million people, a mighty host, a powerful nation, united under one leader, bow to thank the Almighty One. Thank God for our Nation! Thank God for our Liberty! Thank God for our Faith! "Thank God for God!"

F. W.

MY MONKEYS

Upon my study-desk there sit
Three monkeys in a row.
They never move; they never flit;
That's why I love them so.

The first upon his mouth does keep
Both hands that all may know
That he no evil word will speak;
That's why I love him so.

The second of my monkeys three
Holds shut his eyes to show
That he no evil thing will see;
That's why I love him so.

A paw seals tight each of his ears,
The last one in the row,
That he no evil talk can hear;
That's why I love him so.

John W. Baechle, '30

EXCHANGES

When the exchange editors of the Collegian assumed their duty, they realized with pleasure the agreeableness of their task. They quickly discovered that all that they have to do is swallow the good which the schools the country over have collected into their respective magazines. And there is more than a plenty of good in these publications. What is particularly noteworthy about them is the local items which, though they supposedly speak only to a chosen few, are nevertheless quite attractive to us as students of St. Joseph's because they deal with conditions that exist here as well as elsewhere. Another agreeable feature about these magazines and journals is the fact that everyone of them contains a good deal of literary material—the common bond of life. Hence the exchange editors of the Collegian have every reason to be happy while engaged in their work.

Of the exchanges that have come from far and near, we wish to comment in the first place on INKLINGS, the paper published by the pupils of the Catholic High School at Decatur, Ind. This is a brand new publication as is evident from the words, "volume one, number one". We feel particularly delighted in noting the outburst of enthusiasm that characterizes this paper, for we (or at least one of "we") made a start of school work in good Decatur High. It is with genuine pleasure, therefore, that we noted in the editorials the notice concerning the local school colors,

"Let Green and Gold
Your Aims Enfold."

We entertain no doubt but that INKLINGS will adhere to the excellent standard which the first issue has attained. We suggest that INKLINGS might increase its literary section, for we would like to read more of its well written work.

THE TOWER issued by St. Lawrence College takes care of the "trivium" of modern educational endeavor, namely, the physical, the intellectual, and the moral. The editor is to be congratulated on the editorial, "Looking Forward", which represents the intellectual; a well written essay, "The Glories of Heaven", furnishes the moral; while "Sports" embodies the physical.

THE OLIVIA from the Academy of the Immaculate Conception, Oldenburg, Ind., presents not only an attractive appearance, but what is of much greater worth, a superior grade of contents. Anybody who reads this magazine will surely enjoy the excellent literary section, and will discover in "A Dream Not All a Dream" something quite out of the ordinary, namely, a collection of essays systematically arranged within a short story. In make-up and material, THE OLIVIA continuously holds to a high standard, and its staff and contributors deserve praise for hard work.

St. Vincent's Academy, St. Vincent, Kentucky, sends us the "GOOD WILL". Here we have not merely a campus paper, but a lot of reading matter that will interest everybody. To be commended is the graphically portrayed episode, "Frog Awaits Penalty" together with "Gleaning from English Note Book". We enjoyed both these productions. By way of dropping a suggestion, we would say that "GOOD WILL" should add an exchange column.

In "Smoke out the Old, Smoke in the New" the

BROWN AND WHITE from St. Francis Prep. Seminary, Mt. Healthy, O., allows us to see life just as we live it at the home of the Collegian. We like "The Um Bumpire" for it tells us in a delightful manner a lot about our own troubles. The poetry in the BROWN AND WHITE reads well. Give us a lot more of it, Old Pal, we like your sentiments.

Grateful acknowledgement is given to: Academy News, St. Mary's High School, Loraine, Ohio; Bay Leaf, Marywood College, Scranton, Pennsylvania; Blue and White, Catholic Central High School, Grand Rapids, Michigan; Brown and White, St. Francis Prep. Sem., Mt. Healthy, Ohio; Championette, Champion Prep. School, Prairie du Chien, Wisconsin; Calvert News, Calvert High School, Tiffin, Ohio; Cee Ay, Columbia University, Dubuque Iowa; Field Afar, Maryknoll, N. Y.; Good Will, St. Vincent Academy, St. Vincent, Kentucky; H. C. C. Journal, Hays Catholic College, Hays, Kansas; Hour Glass, St. Mary's College, St. Mary's Kansas; Inklings, Decatur Catholic High School, Decatur, Ind.; Loyola News, Loyola University, Chicago, Ill.; Notre Dame News, Notre Dame College, South Euclid, Ohio; Olivia, Academy of the Immaculate Conception, Oldenburg, Ind.; Printcrafters, Nashville, Tenn.; Red and Blue, St. Ignatius High School, San Francisco, Cal.; Salve Regina, Catholic University of America, Washington, D. C.; Vista, Notre Dame Academy, Toledo, Ohio; Tower, St. Lawrence College, Mt. Calvary, Wis.

"In a world full of modern development of culture, penetrated by Christianity, those thoughts alone which have sprung from a Christian source are able to hold their ground."—Jorgensen.

LIBRARY NOTES

Some of us, while traveling, prefer cafeteria style at our meals because we are allowed to saunter about and pick out the food that is to our liking. Others, choose rather the restaurant, content to order the regular meal for the day. But even here we notice that the caterers, in compliance to the whims of their various patrons, have provided both "a la carte" and "table d'hote" service. Those who wish may be very choicy and order all sorts of specials to suit their fancy, or, if they choose, they may order the "regular dinner".

A similar condition holds with regard to our literary menu. Among the many readers of literature there is a diversity of opinion as to what ought to be read. Some prefer to choose their own authors and selections, while others are content to rely upon the choice made by connoisseurs and put up in collections called anthologies.

Anthologies may be considered under various headings. World anthology embraces selections from the earliest Egyptian literature down to that of our present day. Not all the poets, of course, are represented in any one volume, but in our library we have several sets. There is Mark Van Doren's "An Anthology of World Poetry". Valuable selections can likewise be found in "The Library of Original Sources" and Warner's "Library of the World's Best Literature." Incidentally, this last is a rich, though as yet undiscovered mine for "selection hunters" of the Expression classes.

More common are the many anthologies comprising the productions of certain languages. Naturally

we are most interested in those which offer us bouquets from the great garden of English verse. The best known of such anthologies is Palgrave's "Golden Treasury" which gives us a remarkably unified aggregation of the great English authors preceding the twentieth century. Our library affords two excellent later collections: "Readings in Literature" by Hanes and McCoy, and "Magic Casements" by Carhart and McGhee. The tyro in the study of poetry will find this latter well adapted to his immature abilities, since for the most part the authors have included only such poems as are of direct personal appeal.

One might make a subdivision of language poetry into that of the various nations. Naturally our first thought here is of English and American literature and at once we think of the well-known "Oxford Book of English Verse" and the "Oxford Book of American Verse," both characterized by that scholarship which one naturally expects from anything bearing the name of the great English University.

But subdivisions do not cease here. Anyone interested in particular sections of our land will find anthologies which breathe the spirit of the New England culture, Western democracy, Southern gentility, or what he will. Although our library at present does not offer much, it will soon add examples of this type of anthology.

Of greater interest perhaps are what we may call period anthologies. Our chief interest in this group will rest on those which are the voice of our own times. The student will reap rich reward from the perusal of "Contemporary Poetry" by Marguerite Wilkinson. Hanes and McCoy, again, have compiled

an excellent anthology, "Readings from Contemporary Verse", containing hundreds of lyrics besides a liberal number of modern dramas.

Many persons find keenest pleasure in reading "theme anthologies"; and, indeed, there is sweet satisfaction in reading many poems grouped about some definite subject and comparing the attitude of various poets with regard to it. "Poetry of Heroism", by Lang, will bring such satisfaction; "Songs and Poems of the Sea", by Sharp, affords us much of the pleasure and experience that is peculiar to the sea alone.

Greatest, perhaps, in importance and interest to us are the Catholic anthologies. Due, however, to our limited space, these collections have been reserved for a future special discussion. Let us now say in conclusion that we have many more anthologies which may rank almost as high as the few mentioned above, but we have tried to choose the best. An untold gain can be obtained from the perusal of one or two of these, and this is the most that the average student has time to do.

SOCIETIES

COLUMBIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

According to precedent, the first public appearance of the C. L. S. consisted of a varied program to commemorate Columbus Day. It is the pleasure of the present C. L. S., however, to boast of an initial program, the quality of which has not been excelled in recent years. This remarkable fact is due, I dare say, to the exceptional loyal efforts on

the part of the participants, as well as to the good choice of the selections.

The impetus that set the program on its way was due considerably to the opening musical feature, "Zampa", played by the college orchestra. Under the direction of Professor Paul Tonner, the music rose like rumbling thunder from distant clouds, only to recede again in low and mellow tones of individual instruments. While the echo of applause loitered as yet within the hall, the curtain presently withdrew presenting a scene most fascinating.

Daniel Nolan then became the center of interest. In his calm but well-constructed speech he commented on the evolution and progress of the drama. Before Daniel Nolan left the stage, John Kraus put in his appearance. Besides being firm in his convictions, John Kraus, in his outward bearing, showed that within he was bubbling like a fountain with joy and heartiness. He entertained his audience with a really interesting piece of knowledge. The aim of his production "Keith Chesterton, The Joyous Crusader" was to render a tribute which he did.

"Cohen and His Brother", portrayed by Victor Pax and Herman Reineck respectively, relieved the otherwise tense atmosphere. Due to Pax's smallness and Reineck's tallness, together with their actions, one would have thought that Pax had a hard time looking all the way up to Reineck, while the latter, was obliged to make a strenuous effort to see all the way down to where Pax was parked.

The debate, "Resolved, that the Federal Government should furnish employment for surplus labor", between Aloys Friedrich and Marcellus Dreiling proved to be far more interesting than many that we have heard in the past. Marcellus Dreiling, in

consequence of his orderly arrangement and convincing eloquence, carried the decision of the judges.

A feature, totally strange to the local audience, was introduced on the night of the thirteenth. "King Robert of Sicily" was rendered by Francis Weiner in connection with music accompaniment played by Rev. Camillus Lutkemeier. Again the music talent of St. Joe asserted itself most strikingly. While the audience was held in suspense, the shrilling and raving voice of King Robert accompanied by the crescendoes of the piano rang through the hall leaving a profound impression upon everyone.

In the one act play "The Mayor and the Manicure", by George Ade, the members of the C. L. S. especially, witnessed stage work hardly expected. Edward Miller as "Mayor" acted surprisingly well, while Edmund Binsfeld as "Genevieve" carried off the palm for having surpassed all his rivals. The cast was as follows:

The Honorable Otis Milford of Springfield -----	Edward Miller
-----	Wallie Milford, his son -----
Raymond Halker	
Russel Milford, Wallie's brother -----	Robert Curtis
Genevieve Le Clair, a manicure ----	Edmund Binsfeld

Without doubt the inmates of St. Joseph's College are already anticipating a joyous entertainment for the eve of Thanksgiving when the C. L. S. will initiate its major productions by presenting "The Mystery Man".

DWENGER MISSION UNIT

On October 19th the Dwenger Mission came to order in an unusual procedure. To instill a proper spirit into the members the "College Hymn" was voiced by some two hundred enthusiastic mission

boys. The more important matter for that meeting was the installation of the new officers, who are the following: Peptomist committee—Clement Steele, Herman Kirchner, Michael Vichuras, Joseph Otte, Edmund Binsfeld, and Thomas Durkin; publicity committee—Ralph Steinhauser, Raymond Weixler, Walter Steiger, Francis Gengler, James Maloney, Francis Weiner, and William Faber; auditing committee—Russell Gillig, Joseph Szaniszlo, and Warren Abrahamson; Marshall—Fred Follmar.

The president elect, Bela Szemetko, in his inaugural address, emphasized the need of seriousness in the work that confronts the unit. John Lefko, who had been elected as representative to the C. S. M. C. general convention at Washington D. C. this past summer, gave a concise report concerning the social and friendly activities of the said convention. Before the assembly adjourned a brief entertainment was given which consisted of a speech and a monologue rendered by Gilbert Wirtz and John Byrne respectively.

NEWMAN CLUB

In a recent assembly the installation of officers of the Newmans took place. Arthur Reineck, president elect, pictured to his crew the work that the future holds in store for them. Convinced of the loyal spirit of his men, Mr. Reineck is ready to push the work of the society onward to ever greater perfection. After the first program was exhibited he found solid reasons for being contented. On this program Fred Cardinalli and Donald DeMars exhibited marked talent for dramatic work in a negro dialogue; while a debate between Charles Maloney and Frank Novak similarly offered ample reasons that

the president of the Newmans should feel safe in the assurance that a successful term is before him.

RALEIGH CLUB

The outstanding event of the Raleigh club occurred on Sunday, October 17th, when a shift of fifty new members completed its time of probation. While many among the fifty who were to be admitted to membership trembled at the thought of the coming initiation ceremonies, yet they all rode the goat with such courage and agility that they were admitted to the Raleigh circle to a man. Let them show that they are worthy of membership in this club. On the part of the spectators, the initiation was heartily enjoyed.

MUSIC DEPARTMENT

The activity and the work of the local music department will in future be recorded in this section of the Collegian. It will be of interest, not only to students of music, but also to others to know what this department is doing.

Since the opening of school in September, the music instructors have been working strenuously to rebuild the band, the orchestra, and the choral clubs. These organizations are progressing well, and bid fair to do great things in music this year. In fact, if all will co-operate properly there are good prospects that these organizations will do better work during the ensuing year than has ever been done before.

The choir which has sung at services on every Sunday since the opening of school has done splendid work. No little energy is required to rebuild quickly

a choral group when many new voices have been added. But in spite of all obstacles, the choir, under the able direction of Rev. E. Omlor, deserves real praise. On All Saints' Day the choir sang the beautiful "Missa Liturgica", a Mass with five-voice arrangement. Masterpieces of this kind naturally enhance and dignify the ceremonies of the church. At present the choir is rehearsing one of Gruber's Masses, which is to be sung at the Highmass on December 8th.

The junior choir which has appeared twice during the months of this fall is succeeding splendidly. The gentle piano touch which the soprano voices of these juniors produce adds a dash of color to the group singing.

Above all the orchestra looks forward to a year of great achievement. It made its first appearance of this season at the C. L. S. public program on October 12th. What it can do was brought into evidence by playing such difficult productions as "Zampa" and "In the Morning". At present it is busy with "Poet and Peasant", the old favorite of every music lover. Several new instruments were added to the orchestra for the purpose of adding strength to the weaker sections.

What will surprise the local audiences most is the band. Now that it has been reorganized this division of the music department is determined to give real treats from its first to its last appearance in the course of the present school year.

Let it be the resolve of everyone, by giving attention and co-operation, to help the musical organization to which he belongs to achieve worth-while and praiseworthy results.

ALUMNI NOTES

If it is true that material support is evidence of sincere co-operation, then the alumni of St. Joseph's are there with the goods when the Collegian is concerned. The large number of subscriptions received assures us, who are local students, of the strong belief in the worth of our school magazine as entertained by our alumni friends, and it serves as a real incentive for continued endeavor on our part to do our best. Thanks a lot for your good will, Alumni. It is our resolve to show our appreciation by maintaining a high standard for the Collegian.

In answer to our invitation of last month a good number of our former class-mates responded by a veritable postal landslide, of a critical, complimentary, and even contributive nature. We regret exceedingly that limited space prevents publication of a larger part of this correspondence, but we shall select specimens at random and present to you that which to us appears to be representative.

Thus we are heartily in accord with Father Julian Voskuhl, C. PP. S., when he signs himself as "a loyal alumnus" in his recent letter. We thank him for his subscription and for the truly helpful suggestions contained in his letter. Father Voskuhl also expresses the wish that the Collegian may have another banner year. With backing such as you offer, Father, it will have just that.

A former member of the college faculty, Rev. Aloys Dirksen, C.PP.S., has been appointed to the position of Associate Professor of Sacred Scripture at St. Charles Seminary, Carthagen, Ohio. The students in general and particularly those who re-

member him as a professor here at Collegeville wish him success in his new work. Incidentally, we may remark here that Rev. Albert Gaulrapp C.P.P.S., will receive his Collegian in the future at St. Mary's Prep Seminary, Burkettsville, Ohio, where he has entered upon a professorship.

We accept gratefully the encouragement extended to us upon the opening of the current school term, in the form of numerous interesting letters from the old grads. Bill Friemoth, who is at present studying at Mt. St. Mary Seminary, Norwood, Ohio, tells us that the most satisfactory way for one to keep in touch with his Alma Mater is to subscribe to her student publication. That's the boy, Bill. Your sentiment is expressive of that entertained by many other grads, and we cordially appreciate it.

Ed Zurcher of the class of '29 favored us with an excellent contribution in the form of a poem entitled "In Reverie". We were so well pleased with the poem that we present it to you in its entirety. We shall certainly be pleased to receive further contributions from him and from other members of the alumni.

Ed Zurcher's poem follows:

IN REVERIE

Sometimes I wander in the past
Where cherished memories dwell,
Where phantom fancies come and go
And weave their mystic spell.

I see the cattle on the hills,
The fields of corn and hay,
The moonlit thicket where at night
The rabbits used to play.

I hear the owl's wavering voice,
The plover's wailing cry,
And see again the broken spear
Of wild geese in the sky.
Then like a benediction falls
A memory rich and fair,
Of mother singing in the dusk
Her fingers in my hair.

The world may buffet me about,
My fortunes come and go;
Like fitful winds, the flying years
May bring me weal or woe;
But there's a land no ill can mar,
A sacred place for me,
The country where my memories are
Of things that used to be.

LOCALS

Recent visitors at the College were: The Rev. Frank Jansen, Hammond, Ind.; The Rev. John Kostik, C.PP.S., Whiting, Ind.; The Rev. Ambrose Capitan, Natrona, Penn.; The Rev. Cyril Ernst, C.PP.S., Whiting, Ind.; The Rev. Leo Hildebrand, Hammond, Ind.; The Rev. Aloys Copenolle, Earl Park, Ind.; The Rev. Isidore Stadtherr, C.PP.S., Whiting, Ind.; The Rev. Fritz Koenig, Lottaville, Ind.; The Rev. Benno Holler, C. PP. S., Pulaski, Ind.; The Rev. Arnold Weymann, C.PP.S., Carthagen, O.; The Rev. Louis Benkert, C.PP.S., Carthagen, O.; The Rev. Joseph Patrick Ahn, C.PP.S., Carthagen, Ohio.

The "Collegeville Limited" was late—the

first time in history! Its passengers didn't mind, however, for they were only bags of cement and tons of gravel, that came all the way from Remington on a little motor train, to be used in paving the Jackson Highway.

Now that the new road is completed, step in your "flivver"—a Cadillac will do too—and drive down to old St. Joe, no dust, no dirt, just a smooth road. Not even when you come to Collegeville will you have to travel on mud, for two thousands sacks of cement mixed with the proper amount of gravel, have been poured on the drive leading from the highway to the flower garden so that Main Street now passes for a first class concrete road.

The thundering applause that greeted Arthur J. Beriault as he stepped behind the footlights on the evening of September 29, gave ample proof that the students had not forgotten the artist who entertained them less than a year ago. Everyone listened attentively, for it was certain that the president of the Beriault School of Expression, Indianapolis, would give a real treat.

Among the great variety of humorous renditions some were very touching while educational features were cleverly inserted. Shakespearian selections, including the "Porter's Scene" from "Macbeth", and Hamlet's "Instructions to the Players" were joyfully received by those who are studying the English drama.

Again mingling tears with laughter, as he is wont to do, Mr. Beriault gave his program many pleasing turns. Once the laughter and applause suddenly ceased as Nicholas Tacchinardi made his "First Appearance at Odeon",—hunchback and a fright. Soon

afterwards, however, impersonations of various comic characters piled laughter upon laughter until finally "Mr. Wagner" of Cincinnati arose and made his great political speech promising Justice, Sour-kraut and Limburger if he were elected—then the house just roared. Without a doubt Mr. Wagner is the unanimous choice of the audience, and the students of St. Joe gladly vote for a speedy return of Mr. Beriault in the hope that he will bring Mr. Wagner along.

Gradually the Seniors are awakening to the fact that this is their last year at St. Joe. This thought was especially impressed by the meeting which Father Kenkel called for the purpose of organizing the graduating class. In the election of officers that followed, Herman Reineck was chosen president and John Baechle, secretary. With these capable men to guide them, the forty grads expect to achieve honor and success for the class of '30.

In his catalogue old man weather saw that October 12 was to be a free day at St. Joe. So early that morning he began to spread his tear gas through the sky. It was already quite cloudy when he heard the class bell ringing.

"What! I must be mistaken", he said as he glanced hurriedly into his daybook. "No, here it is black on white, 'Free day, St. Joseph's College, October 12'. They must have changed their minds, so, I reckon old Helios will have to work anyhow."

The members of the faculty, knowing students' appetites for free days when class schedules are exceptionally hard, generously postponed the celebration of Columbus Day until Monday. When Mr.

Weather heard the yells and cheers on the football field he scratched his head in his usual thoughtful manner and said,

“Well, they sure fooled me this time. But Helios has driven so far that I hate to call him back, so I guess I’ll have to leave them enjoy themselves this time.”

The sun shone brightly as the inhabitants of Collegeville migrated to the metropolis to enjoy, among other things, the movie, “Modern Maidens”. The banana splitters heaved a sigh of relief and the soda slingers rejoiced when they had finished dishing out some two hundred sodas and sundaes.

As Helios drove his flaming chariot into the barnyard that night, old Mr. Atmosphere rushed out to meet him.

“Them College boys put one over on us this time, but never mind we’ll soak ’em double next year.”

A tractor pulling away in the south east corner of the North Campus gave footballs a few minutes of rest while the grid stars went to investigate. They found that the rugged piece of land that lay between the tennis courts and the footpath to Rensselaer was being graded to the level of the campus so that cleated hoofs would have more room for exercise. This practical improvement adds much to the beauty of the grounds.

The students of St. Joseph’s join with the members of the Collegian staff in extending to John Baechle, the Society Editor, their heartfelt sympathy in his recent bereavement, the death of his father.

Since exams were secure in the land of the past, the students of St. Joe celebrated the Feast of All Saints with light hearts, or at least with a feeling of relief, because their fears were now dispelled and the terrible suspense was ended. A Solemn Highmass in honor of the Church Triumphant was celebrated by Father Landoll assisted by Father Koenn and Father Ferhenbacher as deacon and subdeacon respectively.

Never since the day that Adam wore knee pants was man able to lose his shadow (except when the sun quit shining or the naughty burglar turned the lights off). Yet, on the evening of November 3, S. S. Henry and his company of magicians succeeded in separating man from his traveling companion known as his shadow.

Although the artists were delayed for a few minutes the enthusiasm of the audience did not diminish, but became even greater. From the first moment that the wonder worker stepped on the platform things disappeared in a manner similarly as they did to the darky who walked through the cemetery at midnight. Nor could one explain the whereabouts of the missing articles any more than he could account for the disappearance of his lap when he stands up, or for the light when it goes out at night. No matter where they went we wouldn't like to accuse a fat man like Mr. Henry of having several pairs of pigeons, canaries, guinea pigs and ducks up his sleeve.

These magical illusions, although superb, were completely overshadowed by the beautiful crayon sketches in which Mr. Henry showed rare talent, and even more so by his sand paintings at which he is a master without a rival. "The Road to Mandalay" which the artist read as he painted his beautiful scene

from the Orient especially merited the approval of the audience, for it filled everyone with a longing to sit by the palms and watch the white sails on the quiet waters of the bay. These pictures have filled us with a deeper respect and appreciation for the beauties that nature offers on every side.

HONOR ROLL

Sixths: Marcellus Dreiling, 97 1-7; John Kraus, 96 6-7; Walter Junk, 95 2-7; James Connor, 94 2-7; Frances Weiner, 93 6-7.

Fifths: Leonard Cross, 93 4-7; John Spalding, 93 2-7; Thomas Clayton, 93 1-8; Bela Szemetko, 92 5-7; Bertrand Shenk, 92 1-2.

Fourths: M. Meyer, 95 5-7; C. Maloney, 96 3-7; R. Nieset, 95 6-7; H. Schnurr, 94 6-7; V. Siebeneck, 92 3-4.

Thirds: Robert Dery, 98 3-8; William Egolf, 96 5-6; Fred Follmar, 96; Michael Vichuras, 96; Bernard Glick, 95 1-2.

Seconds: Thomas Buren, 99; Joseph Allgeier, 98 1-6; Charles Scheidler, 97 1-2; Alfred Horrigan, 96 3-5; Charles Kelty, 96 3-5.

Firsts: U. Kuhn, 97; J. Klinker, 97; A. Suelzer, 94 4-5; R. Meyer, 94 2-5; N. Minick, 94 2-5.

“Man is only a feeble gleam in the storm, but this gleam resists, and this gleam is all!”—Henri Poincare.

“It is better to decide a difference between enemies than friends, for one of our friends will certainly become an enemy, and one of our enemies a friend.

ATHLETICS

SENIOR LEAGUE STANDING

Team	Won	Lost	Tied	Pct.
Sixths	2	0	1	1.000
Fourths	2	0	1	1.000
Fifths	1	0	2	1.000
Seconds	0	2	0	.000
Thirds	0	3	0	.000

While there are only three games left in the Senior League, the pennant is far from being decided. The Sixths, Fifths, and Fourths are yet in the race for the pennant. The Sixths and Fourths, each having two victories and one tie have yet to meet each other. The winner of this game will win the pennant. If the game results in a tie, three teams will be tied for the championship. From all indications, the game between the Sixths and Fourths will be a great game.

FIFTHS WIN SEASON OPENER

A little shower of rain, on the morning of Sept. 28, seems to have done the Fifths some good, for after the rain, the Fifths defeated the Thirds by a score of 13 to 0. Had the game lasted but three quarters, the Thirds could boast of holding the Fifths to a scoreless game. The Fifths made some long gains but the Thirds had enough punch to repel them.

In the last quarter of the game, a pass, by Tatar on the 38 yard-line to Cross on the 12 yard-line, resulted in a touchdown by Tatar after three scrimmages. Another last minute play was made by Kern when he intercepted a pass on the Thirds'

20 yard-line and took the pigskin over the last white line for the Fifth's second touchdown. The extra point was made by "Bonnie" Dreiling.

On the winning team, Cross, Tatar and Dreiling did most of the ground gaining, while on the Thirds, Biggins, Besanceney, Follmar, and Riedlinger were the stars.

The line-up follows:

FIFTHS: Kern, L. E.; Vorst, L. T.; Elliott, L. G.; Clayton, C.; Bishop, R. G.; Hoorman, R. T.; James Maloney, R. E.; Tatar, Q. B.; Duray, L. H.; Cross, R. H.; B. Dreiling, F. B. THIRDS: Boarman, L. E.; Kleman, L. T.; Lenk, L. G.; Follmar, C.; Riedlinger, R. G.; Ziegler, R. T.; M. Vichuras, R. E.; Biggins, Q. B.; Bubala, L. H.; Joseph Maloney, R. H.; Besanceney, F. B.

Substitutions: FIFTHS—Szemetko for Vorst, Boker for Elliot, Gibson for Clayton, Bucher for Duray. THIRDS—Nasser for Ziegler, Krieter for Bubala.

Referee-Herod, Umpire-Wirtz, Head linesman-Weis.

FOURTHS SWAMP SECONDS

On Sunday October 6, the Fourths defeated the newly organized Seconds by a score of 43 to 0. The experience and weight of the Fourths helped to beat the Seconds.

The Fourths in this game, showed that the other teams can expect a good fight from them. The Seconds, although defeated, showed that they have fine material. Kirchner and DeMars did the best work for the Seconds while Wirtz, Bloomer, and Hoover showed up well for the victors.

FOURTHS BATTLE FIFTHS IN COLUMBUS DAY PROGRAM

With the Columbus day program of the C. L. S. still echoing in their ears, the Fifths and Fourths battled for four long quarters on the gridiron. It was a football game as has not been played on the local campus for years. The Fifths, although not winning, can almost be called the victors, as the Fourths were counting on a victory and the Fifths were on the verge of expecting defeat. A cleaner game, however, could not have been played.

In the first half of the game, the Fourths outplayed the Fifths. The entire backfield of the Fourths made long gains, mainly Wirtz and Blommer, the latter also served well in the capacity of quarterback.

In the second half of the struggle, the Fifths did the best playing. Twice, however, the College men approached close to the Fourths' goal, but all in vain, for then the Fourths' line held like a wall. In this half of the game, Lanoue did some fine work for the Fourths, while on the Fifths, Bucher, Cross and Tatar were the ground gainers. Bonnie Dreiling did well at punting and on the defence. The lines of both teams must receive credit for their fighting.

The line-up follows:

FIFTHS: Kern, L. E.; Szemetko, L. T.; Vorst, L. G.; Clayton, C.; Bishop, R. G.; Hoorman, R. T.; J. Maloney, R. E.; Tatar, Q. B.; Cross, L. H.; Bucher, R. H.; B. Dreiling, F. B. FOURTHS: Byrne, L. E.; Leiker, L. T.; Reineck, L. G.; Snyder, C.; Storch, R. G.; Siebeneck, R. T.; Conroy, R. E.; Blommer, Q. B.; Hoover, L. H.; Strasser, R. H.; Wirtz, F. B.

Substitutions: FIFTHS--Duray for Bucher, Shaw

for Vorst. FOURTHS--Cardinali for Snyder, Meyers for Leiker, Lanoue for Byrne.

Referee-Herod. Umpire-Dreiling, W. Head linesman-Weis.

SECONDS DEFEATED BY SENIORS

With two fighting teams and a good field, the football game of October 27 was one of the best of the season. The score, however, was one-sided.

In the first half of the game, not much was done in the line of scoring. The only touchdown was that made by Herod near the end of the second quarter. Faber kicked for the extra point.

In the third and fourth periods of the game, the Sixths ran rampage over the Seconds. Joe Herod, star quarterback of the Sixths, added six more points. Faber failed to kick goal. Grot and Faber each added six points to the Sixths' score and little Fred Moore added one point by a dropkick after Grot's touchdown. The final score stood 26 to 0 in favor of the Sixths.

Mgr. DeMars, Kirchner, and Steele starred for the Seconds while the entire backfield of the Sixths showed some real football.

THIRDS LOSE TO FOURTHS

16 to 0 was the score of the game between the Fourths and the Thirds which was played on All Saints' day.

There was a great surprise when the first half ended without a score for either team. The Fourths and Thirds played on a par in the first half.

In the second half, the Fourths outplayed the Juniors to a great extent. The Thirds seemed to give up all hope of victory when Strasser scored a field goal at the beginnig of the second half. From this time on the Fourths made long gains which resulted

in two touchdowns by Jack Blommer. Lanoue made one extra point, after Blommer's first touchdown, by taking the ball across the goal line. In the second attempt Lanoue failed to score.

Lanoué made the longest gains for the Fourths with the well trained interference of the rest of the backfield. Krieter and Bubala did the best playing for the Thirds.

SIXTHS AND FIFTHS BATTLE IN TIE GAME

When referee, Putts, started the game between the Sixths and Fifths, he started a great game. It was a game of thrills.

In the first half, the Sixths were within a foot of the goal when the Fifths recovered a fumble which was made by Van Oss. "Bonnie" Dreiling then punted the ball out of danger for the Fifths. Incidentally the ball was not in the Sixths' territory during the first quarter.

In the fourth quarter Herod intercepted a pass for the Sixths on the fifty-yard line and ran the ball back to the one-yard line and on the next scrimmage took the pigskin across for a touchdown. Grot failed to make the extra point. With four minutes to play, the Fifths received the kickoff and after a few plays threw the ball into the hands of a Sixth year man. The Sixths, however, not being satisfied with one touchdown, tried a pass which Bucher, of the Fifths, intercepted and ran for a touchdown through an open field. The score was 6 to 6. Maloney attempted to drop-kick for the extra point but the kick fell short and the game ended soon after with the score 6 to 6.

It must be said, however, that the Sixths completely outplayed the Fifths throughout the entire

game, which is indicated by the fact that the college Seniors made fourteen first downs to the lonely first down accomplished by the college Freshmen. The Fiftths were saved by the fine punting of "Bonnie" Dreiling. On the whole, every man on the teams played exceptionally well.

JUNIORS

JUNIOR LEAGUE STANDING

Team	Won	Lost	Pct.
Tigers	3	0	1.000
Warriors	1	1	1.000
Wolverines	1	1	1.000
Rinky Dinks	0	3	.000

Although the Junior League season is not yet finished, the pennant has already been won. The Tigers, under the coaching of "Red" Dreiling and "Shorty" Boker, have won all three of their games and thus copped the Junior pennant. The Tigers, however, have a team heavier than the other teams. This had much to do in the race for the pennant.

WOLVERINES TAKE FIRST GAME FROM RINKY DINKS

On Sunday, October 6, the Wolverines opened the Junior League football season by defeating Coach "Bulldog" DeMars' Rinky Dinks by a score of 6 to 0. Naughton, quarterback of the Wolverines, made the only touchdown of the game in the fourth quarter. Naughton failed to make the extra point. Naughton, Fontana, and Bloemer played well for the victors while Nardecchia, Cloys, and Hession starred for the Rinky Dinks. Both teams fought as well as could be

expected for beginners. It was the first football game for several of the participants.

TIGERS TRIM WARRIORS

When the Tigers and Warriors met on the gridiron on October 13, a great battle was in store. The first half ended without a score for either eleven. In the third quarter, the bucket was upset when Zahn, the Tigers' halfback, trotted forty yards for a touchdown. The extra point was not made. In the last period of the game, Pawlak intercepted a pass and added six points more to the Tigers' score. The extra point was made and the game ended with the score standing 13 to 0, the Tigers having the better half of the score. Credit must be given to Missler, who made several striking tackles for the Tigers. Zahn and Kreinbrink also did much in pushing the Tigers towards victory. Elder and Forsee played well for the Warriors.

WARRIORS BEAT THE RINKY DINKS

With both teams displaying flashy running attacks and snappy passes, Coach Lanoue's Warriors ran down the Rinky Dinks by a score of 12 to 7.

Pank Elder scored the first touchdown for the Warriors, in the first quarter of the game by a 35 yard run. Forsee missed the extra point. In the second quarter, Cloys, quarterback of the Rinky Dinks, carried the pigskin over the goal line for a touchdown. The extra point was made by Nardecchia.

The score stood 7 to 6 until the last minute of play. Rausch received a pass from Forsee and added six points to the score by crossing the goal line.

Since the extra point was not made, the final score stood 12 to 7—the Rinky Dinks receiving the tail end of the deal.

Elder, Horrigan, and Weixler starred for the Warriors while Nardecchia and Cloys did fine work for the losing team.

TIGERS DEFEAT RINKY DINKS

On October 27, Radigan field was the scene of a snappy football game. The Tigers tied up their second victory of the season by defeating the Rinky Dinks by a 12 to 0 score.

In the first quarter, a Rinky Dink man fumbled the ball on their second scrimmage and the Tigers recovered the ball. Zahn then ran 35 yards for a touchdown. No extra point was made. Coach "Red" Dreiling's eleven scored a second time when Lefko carried the ball across the goal. Neither team scored in the second half.

Zahn did most of the ground gaining for the Tigers. For the Rinky Dinks Nardecchia did well at punting.

All in all, the Tigers outplayed their opponents. The Tigers registered eleven first downs while the Rinky Dinks counted four.

TIGERS WIN PENNANT GAME

On Friday, November 1, "Red" Dreiling's Tigers captured the Junior League pennant by defeating the Wolverines 13 to 0.

It looked bad for the Tigers when the Wolverines received the kickoff and marched down the field with the pigskin. The onrush of the Wolverines was stop-

ped when a pass was intercepted by the Tigers. The ball did not reach the goal-line until near the end of the first half Pawlak passed to Zahn who scored the first six points. The half ended 6 to 0.

In the second half there was no point until Pawlak intercepted a pass and after a few scrimmages took the ball for a touchdown. The final score stood 13 to 0.

In spite of the rain and wet grounds the game was well played. Naughton starred for the Wolverines. Zahn, Heckman, and Missler were the outstanding players for the Tigers.

FREE AIR---HOT AND OTHERWISE

We have just learned of a photographer who started poor twenty years ago and retired with a comfortable fortune of \$50,000. This was acquired through industry, economy, conscientious effort, indomitable perseverance and the death of an uncle who left him \$49,999.

Gibson: Look, Jim, I weigh three more pounds than you do.

Elliott: Aw, you're cheating. You've got your hands in your pockets.

Schmit: Say, do you know how the Grand Canyon was formed?

Durkin: No, Do you?

Schmit: Yes, you see a good many years ago a Scotchman dropped a nickel in a gopher-hole near there.

Sheeran: Loan me five dollars will you?

Kelly: Sorry but I have only four dollars and seventy-five cent.

Sheeran: Well give that; I'll trust you for the other two bits.

A professor at George Washington University failed to show up on time for class. The young men waited fifteen minutes. No professor! The class evaporated. Next day the teacher avowed that he had been "constructively present" because his hat had been on the desk.

On the third day the instructor entered the classroom to find the usual chairs, each with a hat upon it.

Tatar: You disturb my peace of mind.

Kern: Don't worry, you've only a small piece to disturb.

Politician: "We will carry the country this fall."

Voter: "I hope so. The country has been supporting you fellows long enough."

Teacher: "Johnnie, where is the North Pole?"

Johnnie: "Dunno."

Teacher: "You do not know after all my teaching?"

Johnnie: "Nope. If Peary couldn't find it there's no use of me trying."

Bill's Sister: "Did you get any marks at school ter day, Bill?"

Bill: "Yes; but they're where they don't show."

Young Bride: Dear, the grocery stores were closed today, but I made you some nice bean soup out of some jelly beans I bought at the confectionery.

She: This is my new evening dress I'm wearing tonight. Isn't it a poem?

He: Judging from its shortness, I'd say it is an epigram.

IT'S ALL IN CHEMISTRY

Oh, Chemist skilled investigate.

Answer this quiz of mine.

I think I know what carbonate,

But where did iodine?

Never was there so much blue light

As the night big chlorate;

Here somebody started to graphite

Then we saw chocolate.

Not a one had received a scratch

All was ending up clean,

Till Bauman lit a brand new match

Right near the engine.

E. M.

Chemistry Prof: "What is the formula for water?

Junk: H, I, J, K, L, M, N, O.

Prof: How do you get that?

Junk: You said yesterday it was H to O.

Bauman: "What was the big question before the American People last month?"

Zukie: "What's the score."

Steinhauer: I'm tougher than you are. Why back in our neighborhood even the canaries sing bass.

Weixler: That's nothing. In our neighborhood we feed the chicks gunpowder and they lay hen grenades.

Manager: Your singing is terrible. Your pipes must be on the bum.

Tenor: My pipes? I do not comprehend.

Manager: Don't you know what pipes are? What is it that runs under your sink?

Tenor: Ah, yes, cockroaches.

"Bulldog" was discussing a few matters with Lanoue, Hess, Gollner, and a number of his other colleagues, one rainy day.

"Now the reason there is so much delay in erecting a new grandstand," he stated, "is due to the fact that there is a shortage of lumber. I think if we put our heads together we will be able to furnish a sufficient amount of the material."

The prefects would certainly have been highly edified, by the intense devotion which was shown throughout the entire world series games, in the Smoking Club. It really made a fellow think he was in church, except for the well observed silence.

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